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LEARN WHAT GOD WANTS YOU TO KNOW

The tariff question is mainly one of the old left-over ideas of the old solid South, consequently many democrats forget all else and seem to think it is a matter of "principle" to be for "free trade" or "tariff for revenue only"—old stock phrases which mean nothing except to an old hide-bound element who are not able to grow new ideas. Even old rock-ribbed democrats down in Texas are beginning to realize that a protective tariff is helping them with their cotton, wool, meat and hides. Senator Ashurst had his ear on the ground when he wanted additional protection on cotton to help constituents in Salt River valley. The average thinking man fully realizes that the United States is a vast country where interests vary as the miles go by. One section needs protection on one thing and another section on another.

Conditions change, as they have in the south. The south for a time thought they were sufficient unto themselves, but factories sprang up, new conditions arose and the south found they could not live alone on a cotton or a tobacco patch and prosper. The north, of course, is no less selfish, but it did first find the value of protection because of natural conditions.

The greatest and most futile argument against the tariff has been the misguided one of "taxing from the cradle to the grave." It is true, we must pay to live, also true that we must secure revenue to live as a nation. To concrete the thing locally: What difference does it make in a suit of woolen clothes what the tariff is on wool? The amount of wool may be two or three pounds. The tax on this wool, including the cost, wouldn't exceed \$5.00, and that's high. Suppose the tax was 100 per cent, or \$2.50, how much would that add to a suit of clothes? The cost of the garment is in between the raw wool and the delivery of the suit of clothes. Who gets that? That's another question to be solved, but not by the tariff.

A cent or two on the price of raw wool or raw cotton means a living to the men who raise sheep and cotton, or bankruptcy. Ships bring in cotton and wool from foreign countries and can sell it here at less than Americans can raise it for and pay the local freight rates.

The producer is the goat. Under existing conditions there seems to be no hope for him.

The tariff can not correct the wrong of the producer. He is the victim of circumstances at the present time and under existing conditions.

The war between the railroads and labor is not the producers' war. The producer is merely the innocent victim, whom each contending element—railroad executives and labor executives, are trying to fleece, with the public an innocent bystander, being shot in both the stomach and pocketbook.

The big thing in the life of all Americans today is not so-called politics but the hope that the God-loving, honest-to-goodness people of America, will get busy learning the things God wants them to know.

FLAGSTAFF'S FAME GROWING

Gradually, but surely, Flagstaff is coming into her own as the center of the great playground of the southwest. Harold Bell Wright says he was delighted with his visit here this summer and Mrs. Wright saw very few skirts on the streets of Flagstaff, for most female tourists preferred "nicks" or the more popular pair of, er, well, trouserettes, which give a vast amount of freedom to ladies wearing them, as well as to others.

Flagstaff is the adopted home of the famous artist and cartoonist, Jimmie Swinnerton, author of the famous "Little Jimmy" pictures. This year R. Dirks, originator of the Katzenjammer Kids, and George Herriman, famous originator of the Krazy Kat pictures, came to discover us and to help Jimmy enjoy his pioneer home.

All that Flagstaff needs now is more hotel room to care for visitors—Nature provided all the rest and was lavish in her gifts.

That there is much interest taken in the development of an additional water supply for Flagstaff, was evidenced Sunday when a crowd of forty people visited the city springs up on the peaks. It is rather monotonous hammering away on one subject week after week, but if The Sun can stir the people into action we will be well satisfied.

The Volstead law is rapidly bringing about changes in political campaigns. Down at Phoenix a candidate for sheriff is feeding the voters on water melons. He evidently hopes the voter will throw the rind where his competitors will slip on 'em.

Michael Cassidy, the federal booze hound for Arizona, continues to find people who have either forgotten or never heard of Mr. Volstead and his particular law. He filed 80 cases against this class of ignoramus during the month of July.

Congressman Hayden says he found it easier to reach Boulder Canyon dam site from the Arizona side than the Nevada side. Carl hasn't a damsite constituent over in Nevada.

SMALL STOCKMEN AGAINST WARD

It is certain that Charles B. Ward will not get the vote of the small stock owners of the state. The reason is very simple. Bill Moeur, the state land commissioner under the last democratic state administration (in appointment of whom Hunt had no voice), and Ben Clark, assistant to Moeur, are among the first and foremost supporters of the Ward candidacy for governor. If Ward should happen to be nominated and elected, Moeur and Clark, it is contended, would go back into the state land office again.

If there is one thing on earth the small owners of stock don't want again, it is another Moeur-Clark state land office administration. There is no question in the small stock owners' mind as to the kind of treatment they have received or the kind of treatment they would expect to receive again, at the hands of Moeur and Clark combination.

As one small stockman puts it: "There are no sleeping leases laying around in the state land office now and you don't have to hire a 'land attorney' to deal with the state land office and pay him a fee for doing what the land commissioner's office is paid by the state for doing; the small stock owner is placed on an equality with the big outfits and there is some justice in the way we are treated." Of course he said much more than that which isn't advisable to print, but if Ward wants to know why the small stock owner in Arizona—that is, those of the democratic persuasion, are voting to a man for former Governor Hunt, he has the reason—Moeur and Clark.

While Ward may have other plans in mind, the small stock-owner does not care to take any Moeur chances. The state land office "difficulties," if allowed so ladylike a term, were threshed out during the state campaign two years ago and the small owner of stock registered the verdict. Everyone who has had dealings with Rudolph Kuchler, the present state land commissioner, is for him for any office he may want in the state.

SOME CONCRETE POLITICAL EVIDENCE

Senator Jim Reed of Missouri, the rank Wilson-bolshevik, was again nominated for the U. S. senate in Wisconsin after one of the most strenuous fights of his political career. Former President Wilson especially entered in the fight against him as did every dyed-in-the-wool Wilsonite. Therefore, and in accordance with democratic propaganda relative to republican primary elections, would it not be more than right to say that Missourians had turned Wilson's administration down flat? Wilson made it his business to fight Reed and Reed was nominated. It was a clean-cut fight with Wilson and his administration pitted against Senator Reed because Reed had not swallowed Wilson in toto during his administration. It is positive evidence that the Wilson administration still stinks in Missouri as well as in other free-thinking parts of the United States. Democratic papers have attempted to discredit the Harding administration wherever there was a possibility of connecting up republican state primaries where conditions were local.

Missouri, a normal democratic state, renominated Senator Reed, who fought Wilson and "his policies"; Wilson openly and to the best of his ability, fought Reed's nomination. Reed won. This is concrete evidence of Wilson's popularity in a democratic state. It is additional evidence in a concrete form of the popularity of the Harding administration.

NAMES AND FACES SHOULD AGREE

A West Virginia man stepped out at a ball game recently and shot a man dead, then found out that he "only looked like" the man whose soul he wanted to unhook. This slight incident causes us to pause and pause, for we have noticed quite a number of total strangers scowling instead of smiling when we meet them and saying: "Howdy, Mr. Wilson—" (that's C. B. Wilson, the terrible attorney.) So if the editor of The Sun happens to get shot some day through his mistaken "indemnity," dear reader, you'll know that while we will go half way (half shot) with him, it is asking rather too much to get "snuffed" out when we can't hold a candle to the real C. B. This is no alibi, it's just a warning to gunmen to hold their fire until they get finger prints. Our fingers always print. C. B.'s fingers? Well, we don't want to say he crosses 'em, for some friend of his might shoot him for me, for saying that. However, if that same lady can dance as well as she used to she can tell his boot tracks from ours on her dancing slippers. While extremely sorry for that West Virginia feller whose "mistaken identity" called him hence sudden like, it brought to our mind the fact all of a sudden like, C. B. may try to resemble us, but if a gun goes off that way, we hope they get the names fixed on the right faces.

SEEING THE LIGHT

It is amusin' to note the wail that is going up from democratic papers over the registration of voters. They claim the pestiferous republicans are registering as democrats in order to vote for the weakest man at the primaries, so he may be easier to defeat. Since this alludes mainly to the contest between Hunt and Ward for the gubernatorial nomination, it would appear to the casual reader that the democratic party had little faith in either candidate and were fixing up an alibi early in the game upon which to lay defeat. When former democrats register here as republicans, we take it as a compliment and feel they have at least seen the light.

Samuel de Grossky died in Chicago Sunday, aged 108 years. Sam said his secret was to "drink moderately, eat carefully, let smoking and chewing alone, above all else to be faithful to your religion." As a matter of fact Sam only mentioned his by-laws and overlooked his constitution.



Service

The Race is Not Always to the Swift

The man who expects to start his Bank Account with some sudden wind-fall is quickly out-stripped by the one who is saving a little each week.

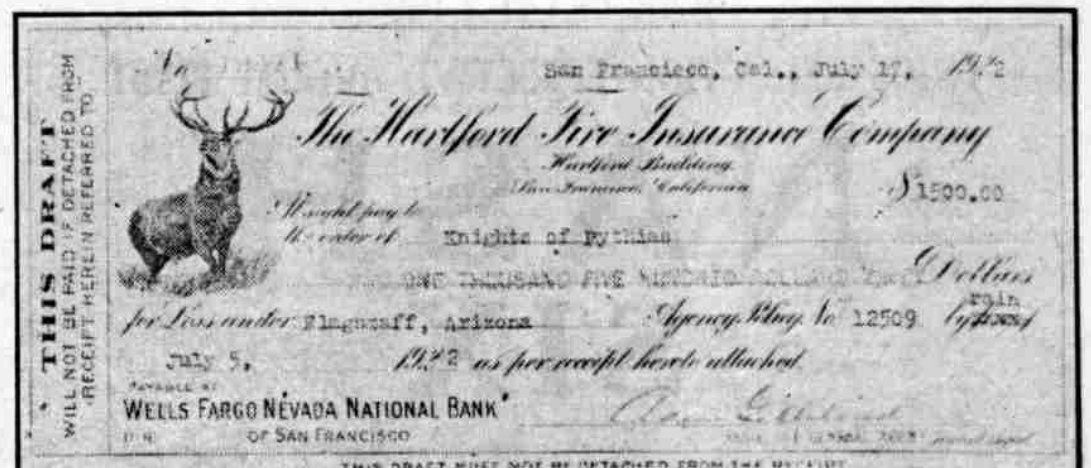
SAFETY

THRIFT

THE ARIZONA CENTRAL BANK

Capital, \$675,000.00
Resources over \$5,000,000.00
Established in Flagstaff Since 1887.

THE FLAGSTAFF KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS insured their Fourth of July celebration for \$1,500 against rain—and it rained!



Getting the \$1,500 at The First National Bank

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA